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KANTURK CASTLE.

Kanturk, anciently called Ceann-tuire—i. e. a boar's head, from one of these animals having been slain there, after a long chase, by one of the Irish chieftains—is a fair and market town, in the county of Cork, about twenty-four miles north-west of the city: it belonged to a branch of the M'Carthys, called M'Donough, who forfeited his estate in 1641. In the reign of Elizabeth they erected a most magnificent pile near this place, the walls of which remain entire. It was a parallelogram, one hundred and twenty feet in length by eighty in breadth, flanked with four square buildings; but being represented to the Council as a place which might be made dangerous to government, the building was put a stop to, though far from being capable of being rendered subservient to that purpose. All the window-frames, quoins, beltings, and battlements were of hewn stone; and the whole made a most grand and regular appearance. This castle, with the town and manor of Kanturk, gave title of Viscount to the Egmont family, under whose patronage it is now considerably improved and extended. Fairs are held in May, July, November, and December. As, in the Emerald Isle, there is scarcely a town or village, streamlet or castle, that is not associated with some romantic or characteristic tale, the following description of that wit and humour so strongly abounding in the Irish character, may not be undeserving of record;

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BASTABLE AND HOLY FOWKS.

Beneath the walls of M'Donough's Folly, a name given to the old ruined castle of Kanturk, from the vast extent of preparation and want of adequate means in the original projector, M'Donough, to complete the work, runs or rather glides the Brogeen, or Blue Pool, as it is called, from a load of coloured glass which upset and shattered in crossing the ford, and which was destined to adorn the windows of the rising court, but which, according to an old prophecy in the neighbourhood, was fated never to be finished. This interesting stream, after supplying the valuable bolting-mill of Mr. Barry, disembogues into the Alla, a river whence the extensive barony of Duhallo derives its name.

By the aborigines and seanachists of the country, the old court, built about the year 1564, is called, *Cuirr carrig na Seaghan saor*, from the builders employed being all of the name of John, or as some more knowing ones must have it, because the master, in his lordly and feudal pride, pressed not only his neighbours but every passing stranger to work at the building gratis, or, in case of refusal, his life was the forfeit, and his blood was cast, as an additional cement, into the mortar; and sure, gentle reader, it is no great wonder that a heavy curse should hang for ever on such an undertaking. But it was not from the dark overshadowing of even such a castle, nor from the broken and glittering crystal embedded in its pebbly bottom, that the Brogeen acquired notoriety,